THE CAMPUS

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Middlebury students opposed to the draft and the Vietnam war marched on the Municipal Building last week to "Quarantine" the local draft board. The March was followed by a parade down Route 7 and a "Jail Break" at Middlebury Union High School. Photos By Temple

250 Students Demonstrate
Going To Town On Anti-Draft Day

By MICHELINE FEDYCK

As anti-draft demonstrations were held throughout the nation, some 250 Middlebury College students congregated on a sun-lit Proctor Terrace to organize the first significant protest in Middlebury's history involving student entrance into the downtown area.

After Bob Metzger's brief legal briefing concerning the definition of the march parade-permit and the possible punishments a more vehement protester might incur, the growing crowd of students listened to senior Gary Rowland explain his decision to present both his draft card and registration certificate to Steve Early, a march leader, to be sent to the Philadelphia Resistence, an anti-draft organization.

Rowland stated: "I cannot cooperate in any form with the draft, or allow the draft to drive me away from the country I was born in and a country I wish to serve."

Praising a democratic system of government which "allows me to work for love between men and for non-violence," Rowland further justified his action by alluding to Ghandi: "Ghandi has said that in a true confrontation, those who do not speak out are guilty of continuing the evils they oppose."

With posters uplifted, and leaflets in hand, the restless draft protesters headed down the hill toward the Municipal Building, home of the one-room, local draft office.

Upon arrival, Middlebury students were informed that only a small portion of the 250 demonstrators would be allowed to enter the building at one time. March leaders consulted with each other as students filed through the halls of the building. Steve Early announced a change from the authorized parade route. The new plan called for a gathering of forces in the downtown green area.

Protesters peacefully proceeded toward this destination, offering leaflets to curious onlookers along the way. Chants of "Hell no! We won't go!", and "One-two-three-four, stop the draft and end the war!" heralded their arrival in advance.

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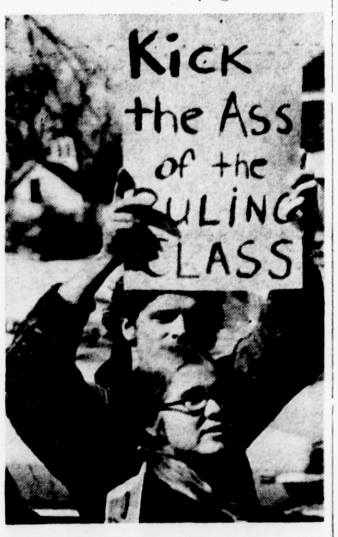

Photo By Atwater

EPC Submits Grading Plan To Faculty

The Educational Policy Committee has submitted a proposal to the Faculty that would revise the present grading system. The EPC proposal, substantially written by Dean of the College Dennis O'Brien, would abolish numerical grading in favor of a combined letter scale and pass-fail system, and, would alter the present method of class ranking.

At a "faculty smoker" Monday night about thirty faculty members discussed the recommendation. Reaction to the proposal was mixed.

In advocating the new system,

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Middlebury's Army Of The Night

by Kurt Falmouth

ostensibly, a treatise on the strange occurances of March 19.

Hi, ho, hi ho, it's off to town we go, they sank as they walked through the mud. But stop! What do we mean by this? Patience, friends, all in good time, for meanwhile our story has begun just a few minutes earlier . . .

The day is fair,
Manure's in the air — Virgil

People are gathering on the plains of Proctor for — an EVENT. Let us pretend we are strangers to this pleasant retreat and that we are playing a guessing game. What is the nature of the aforementioned EVENT? Let us take our time and carefully observe, circulating among the people, taking note of their conversation and their manner, catching the spirit of the meeting — and in this way we may hope to arrive at a reasoned conjecture. Well, you are clever, I declare, do you know already? "Why . . . it's the Addison County Fair! See the hirsute rustics, the waggish rubes, the shameless molls. Such raucous merriment, such disport! Observe the gypsies, and there, do you not see a bearded lady? See the somnambulists, the clowns, the piebald fools in their rags and tatters. Am I not correct?"

It behooveth not the sense to comprehend such matters — Milton

This is a fair surmise, and, though incorrect, it is not far from the truth. But let us apply our deductive powers more diligently. Listen. "I wish they wouldn't have these demonstrations," says a Girl . . . "They're always so farcical, yet I agree with most of what they're saying and I feel obligated to attend. Let's dance." Joyous music! This is a jolly celebration no doubt. Perhaps the words to this song will give us some hint.

The Time is Right for VI-lent REV-a-LOoo-shun

Aha, you say, I know now. How could I be so short-sighted? It is Guy Fawkes Day! Bravo! This is closer still to the truth, though not quite there. But hold! A Speaker appears. Now perhaps we shall learn the true nature of this gathering.

All work and no play would make Bob a dull boy — Amerigo Vespuci

"Thank you, thank you all for coming. Now, let me make one thing absolutely clear. . . . This is my Thing, I planned it, and you do what I say! Now then, such a large turnout is very gratifying indeed. I am inspired to new and greater endeavors. Thank you, thank you all." Now, hardly have you begun to search this pot of eloquence for hidden treasures, then, lo, another boy steps up and flashes his credentials before the crowd. Instantly, a murmur of recognition arises. Their Resident Radical begins to speak. "Don't detest arrest. It is ultimately though unconsciously what we all desire. Our objectives this afternoon are clear: to spread confusion. Our methods foreshadow our goals. Thank you, thank you."

Ou je suis bete
Ou j'ai mal la tete — Moliere

You have a self-satisfied smile on your face. I perceive you are certain you have the answer this time, but, I see yet another speaker. Let us see if his talk cooroborates your deduction before you chance to divulge it. "Mumble" Speak, what goes on here? I detect a tone of gravity. ". . . and ever since I was a boy I hated guns. I even refused to eat Puffed Rice at breakfast . . . And so there comes a time when every man must look into

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CAMPUS

THEATRE
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388-4841

WED. - SAT. MAR. 25 - 28

SIR LAURANCE OLIVER
HARRY ANDREWS
MICHAEL CAINE

7 & 9:10 P.M.

SUN. - TUES. MAR. 29 - 31

"VANESSA IS SIMPLY GREAT." LIFE Magazine
VANESSA REDGRAVE in
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BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID

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Suggested For MATURE Audiences

7 & 9:00 P.M.

Mountain Club Elections

A small group of interested Fine Arts majors have elected an "executive committee" to meet with faculty members and discuss the policies of the Fine Arts Department. The committee was formed by the students because of a recent decision to deny Assistant Professor Bruce Muirhead tenure, and to put studio-arts professorships on a visiting basis. The students feel that Fine Arts majors should be more closely consulted on such decisions. Elected to the committee were Tom Giebink, Dick Sheckman, Laird Myers and Xenia Urban.

College Bowl

Any students who wish to see the taping of the G. E. College Bowl should pick up tickets from Mr. DeLetis in Old Chapel by Friday. The show will be taped on Sunday at five o'clock at the N. B. C. studio No. 6A in the RCA Building (50 W. 50th St., NYC). Middlebury students Mike Schwartz, Jim Pratt, Mike Schutt and Bill Dockery will be competing against either the University of Wyoming or the Wellesley College team.

Fine Arts Majors

A general meeting of the Mountain Club will be held Monday night at 7:30 in Proctor Lounge to elect officers. Anyone is welcome to participate in the voting. So far, the nominees are: President, Peter Wood, Alan Agle; Treasurer, Scott Helmers, Steve Sawyer; Secretary, Pat Cashman. Further nominations can be submitted with the signatures of five Mountain Club members to box 848.

Theatre Workshop Film

This Saturday, March 28, Theatre Workshop is showing Sidney Lumet's **The Hill,** an award winning movie on the sadistic treatment of prisoners in a British military camp. A harsh statement against the military mentality the film focuses on a hill of sand which prisoners are brutally forced to climb under the blazing sun. Sean Connery and Michael Redgrave match each other in excellent performances. The film will be shown in Dana at 7 and 9:30.

The Campus

Opinions expressed on the editorial page do not necessarily reflect the official position of the College. Signed columns, letters and articles are the responsibility of the writer.

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Steve Early, Editor-in-Chief

IN BALLROOM

John Warde will perform in the Bandroom this Saturday night. There will be two shows at 9:30 and 11:00. Admission is 50 cents.

Off-Campus Living

Students who want to apply for permission to live off campus 1970 - 71 must do so in writing to the Dean's office by April 15th. Only the most compelling personal reasons will be considered by a committee of deans. Students will be notified of decisions in time for room draw.

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Tie Dye Shirts

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South on Rt. 7 Open 9 A.M. - 1 A.M.

INVENT A SLOGAN • WIN A PRIZE

"Whatever Your Cause, It's a Lost Cause Unless We Control Population"

That's the best population slogan we've been able to come up with. Can you top it? A citation and an honorarium of $10 are offered for the best slogan turned in to the advertising manager of this newspaper before the forthcoming Environmental Teach-In on Earth Day, April 22. The winning slogan from this campus will be eligible to compete for the national

$500 PRIZE

to be awarded for the best slogan prepared by a student on any of the 215 campuses where this ad is appearing.

Rules: Simply devise a brief statement of the importance and urgency of checking population growth — to the environment, to quality of life, to world peace. Send it on or before April 22 to this newspaper, addressed "Population Contest." Judges on this campus will be three members of this paper's staff appointed by the ad manager. All decisions final and only their selection will be eligible for big national prize, to be judged by Paul Ehrlich, David Brower, and Hugh Moore.

Write your slogan today. One entry per student. For free literature on population explosion, write Hugh Moore Fund, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 10017.

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SHIRTS 30¢
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Battell Center Call 9327

SEE Jody Kashiwa

Detergents

The Environmental Quality Group and Mrs. Carl Peabody, manager o the College Book Store announced an agreement last week which will replace the familiar Tide and Fab on the shelves of the Bookstore with detergents which are considerably less harmful to the envnironments.

The new detergents will be Cold Water All, Wisk, and Ivory Snow, with phosphate content of 9.8 percent, 7.6 percent and 0 percent respectively. These figures compare with 43.5 percent and 36.5 percent for Tide and Fab respectively.

"The problem with phosphates" said Bart Hall, chairman of the student ecology group, "is that they act as a super fertilizer and lead to a profus-

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Grading...

(Continued From Page 1)

O'Brien explains that Middlebury College grades below the norm of comparable colleges, and that a student's chances for graduate school are unnecessarily damaged by the lower grades. The proposed system, he argues, is biased upward, and permits a maximum amount of flexibility.

The Education Policy Committee proposed the Faculty the following changes in the grading system:

1. Change the present numerical system to A, B, C, D, F system, with plus and minus used only with A and B.

2. Allow Departments to designate any course or graded unit as Honors-Pass-Fail.

3. Permit a student, with the permission of his or her adviser, to designate one course per term, outside of his or her major, and outside of the graduation requirements, to be graded Honors-Pass-Fail. Conversion of letter grade to Honors-Pass-Fail will be made by the Registrar. A-plus to B will be converted to Honors, B-minus to D to Pass, F to Fail. These standards shall also apply in the Winter Term.

4. Permit a student to specify that he shall receive a letter grade in any course designated as Honors-Pass-Fail.

5. The following ranking system will replace the current system of numerical ranking:

College Scholar: 3 A's or better (no grade below C).

Dean's List: 3 B's or better (no failing grades).

Pass: 3 C's or better.

Probation: 2 D's or 1 D, 1 F.

Failure: 3 D's, 2 F's, 2D's or 1F while on Probation.

For the purpose of ranking, Honors will be converted to an A, Pass to a C.

6. The changes to take effect in the year 1970-71.

Give Shoes Another Chance

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Stop and See Our Newly - Remodeled Shop

Don't Speed on Highways

Anti - Draft...

(Continued From Page 1)

Downtown traffic was halted as students either sat or stood in the intersection opposite the Battell Block.

Enthusiasm carried some of the participants up onto the base of the town war memorial. From there a decision to "liberate Middlebury Union High School" was proclaimed. The crowd responded with a cheer of approval, and the march proceeded down the center of Route 7.

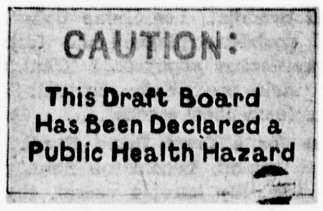
A small delegation of students had visited the High school earlier in the week, and had talked with Assistant Principal Bert Lark. He had informed them that the distribution of leaflets and the posting of unapproved announcements were not allowed at the school.

Milling around the building and in the inner courtyard, chanting "Join us, join us," students soon discovered an open door. They walked through the corridors of the public school, singing "All we are saying is give peace a chance."

Response to this entry varied. Some teachers invited protesters to enter classrooms in order to explain and discuss their actions. Others hastily locked doors and drew shades.

The students then marched back to the Municipal Building, adhering to instructions to walk on the sidewalk and the side of the road, in order to avoid further blocking of traffic.

Tired, but still smiling and buoyed by the enthusiasm of the crowd, protesters embarked upon the last stretch back to the campus.



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Send me your free book: *Great Young Britain*. 146

Name_____

College_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Army Of The Night...

(Continued from Page 1)

the depths of his being and converse privately with his conscience, independent of and indeed oblivious to the judgments of his fellow men. Therefore, I have decided to publicly rid myself of this card, this thorn in my conscience, an act for which I will no doubt be roundly applauded. Thank you. For our next number. . ."

He is a dreamer
Mark not his words — Will

Friends, A Digression! The course of our narrative is so smooth that you will allow me the indulgence of a few eddies, a ripple or two. Not long ago, I was sitting on the steps of Old Chapel and as I was sleeping I dreamt and, considering the location of my slumbers and with an aim to rendering this tale the more profitable, let us say that this dream was of a mill and its mill stream. Now, the proprietor of this establishment was a hoary old blue-haired hermit, and, sure, he called himself Jim, though why he had a name I can't imagine for he spoke to no one and no one spoke to him. Yet, he had a name, and circumstance more wondrous still, so had his mill. It was called "My Mill."

The mill had a reputation throughout the land for the fine grain it ground, but, alas, when a farmer arrived in the fall with his harvest, he was rudely driven hence with unsubtle imprecations. The fact is that Jim's mill ground grain only in the summer months and the rest of the year it cut lumber, for Jim had a passion and this was to build mill-wheels, a strange hobby-horse and one that requires much wood. Each mill-wheel was to be grander, wider, heavier, more capacious and more powerful than the last, for with such a wheel Jack could cut still more timber and build still a grander wheel. Yawn. I fear I am boring you already with this account, so let me hasten to conclude the dream with one further detail. The nature of the fluid running down the mill race, turning the wheel, and so sawing the wood, the nature of this fluid eluded me. But I felt a queer, very close affinity with the substance, so close that it caused me much anger. But then my dream ended with unctious calls from the doorway above, inviting me in for a chat. What to make of this dream is indeed a riddle, yet I feel it hides a matter of great import.

Ronzoni sona buoni — Dante

O grievous calamity! While we engaged in foolish speculation, the multitude of merry-makers has embarked and we are left alone to suffer the company of our idle thoughts. Say, oh, muse to what regions has the jubilee departed? The plains of Proctor are abandoned save for one blind beggar. But hark! the rascal's got a facile tongue, though audience he hath none. Listen.

" . . . and the newspaper, fulsome propaganda, was making the people unhappy. So? So the news-LETTER was begun. It made people happy because it reminded them of all the bovine diversions available to them as participants in this sleepy-away camp for the perenially puerile. It was altogether fitting, therefore, that a notice reading 'Anti-draft Rally' appeared in that publication opposite the headline 'Snow Bowl Festival' ".

Hold, thou cullion! Is a matter of such solemnity to be treated so disparagingly?

"Such incongruities as the children of leisure parading down Main Street must have a rational explanation. Ahem. Ahem. Let' me continue. In this institution we see manifested several degrees or stages of consciousness. **Stage One** comprises a goodly portion of our distaff population. Whether they do or they don't, these creatures are immensely pleased with themselves, and, well, this is home-away-from-home and so comfy and, they're doing what Mommy and Daddy want them to do — **well,** except for **that.** Everything is just . . . just ga-roovy! Such girls sleep with their yearbooks at the end of the year. **Stage 2** is not so abysmal but is still fairly low. It's the masculine counterpart of Stage One and is characterized by feelings of brotherhood as exhibited in the Fraternity. It is here that members of Stage One are reassured in their moments of doubt. Students in stage two are so humane that they live only for this opportunity to bring pleasure to others.

"Hey, are you still with me? Let us press onward. **Stage Three** is a recognition that this institution provides a high degree of comfort and security, and is in fact a little resort tucked away in the Vermont hills, far from everyday cares. Also, that one greatly enjoys it. **Stage Four** is a recognition that such comfort and security is stultifying. The response is a half-hearted vow to get away. **Stage Five** is a sublimination of the response to Stage Four. Student remains but attempts to change atmosphere, fashion excuse for remaining, salvage self-respect, image. To wit: various philanthropies, administration critics, politicians, people who want (HA!) to Change things. Item: protest organizers, protest marchers.

Stage Six: despair. Recognition of futility, congratulatory,
deceptive nature of Stage Five.

Stage Seven: Apotheosis. Premature departure. Do you follow? I plan to write a book in which I set forth my views . . . Available at the College Bookstore."

Oh, foul twaddle! Loathsome drivel! The knave had doubtless plagued the festivities with his pestiferous poppycock! That is the reason for their precipitate removal! Away, away, let us folow their tracks . . .

Pause for a Crest Room Break

O grand Swa-mi, behold me here, cowering before thee, thy humble vassal, thy captive petitioner! Yet, entranced before thy refulgent splendor, the hypnotic flashings of your jeweled navel. I invoke thy grace, that I may assert paternal improvidence and justify the ways of schools to fools. Friends, after laborious journeying, fraugt with frightful peril, our tale is resumed. Of how we rejoined the crusading legionnaires, of how together we passed through the valley of the terrible shutter-bugs, of how we came finally to the land of the Philistines and tried to desecrate their temple I will not tell. Nor will I say how they adjured their god to fog our eyes that no matter where we looked, we found nothing to destroy.

Nor of how we regrouped and marched to their den of iniquity called Union High School, of how we implored them there to repent their evil ways and join us in the paths of the righteousness. Nor how they, confirmed in their evil ways, laughed in our faces. Of these things I shall not tell, for, in sooth, I have a weak heart and such a fit of laughter as would follow would cleave it sure.

I am still together. But while I regain my breath, perhaps you would care to peruse this extract from the **Secret Journal of Middlebury Grange** by P. C. Swarmi and his Subalterns, published recently by the Golden Book Press.

ignosca mihi — Ovid

"Jan. 1970. A college is made of many monumentally diverse elements: phony middleclass, freaked-out middleclass, hung-up middle class, horny middleclass, snotty middleclass, rebellious middleclass, complacent middleclass, studious middleclass, slothful middleclass. Any successful administrator must bring harmony among these barely compatible elements. A hard task! But may I suggest an infallible approach? Psst! Come closer. You will notice that every classification of students is followed by the curious expression 'middle class'. That is a sociological term denoting the strong bonds existing between all enlightened men, regardless of widely differing backgrounds. Find men with this instinct for brotherhood and they will readily adjust themselves to an environment where everyone does not share the same values and all the petty desires. Find such men and you will have a harmonious community. In short, look for a man who can ski."

Was machst du da, junger Mann? — Goethe

Goodness, how this story lags on. But observe the twilight descends. The setting sun casts a soft shimmer on the snow-clad mountains, looming heavy in the east. The lamp in Mead steeple beams down on a quiet, pastoral scene, as little brother and sister lamps answer its call from fenestrated paradise. Proctor Terrace, late the setting of ungolden moon as seated on its walls, boys and girls breathe in the sweet evening air and whisper sweet propositions. O grand Swarmi! Where, where do you reside? Is it there within the temple they call Old Chapel, there, flanked by Nubian bell hops and fawning functionaires, there slyly dispensing your panoply of teething rings and pacifiers? O Swarmi, in the market place they all bowed low before you. Give us a piece now, they cried, and you obliged, sending forth all your harem.

McCarthy Campaign Memoirs: The Politics Of Disillusionment

By BOB METZGER

Nobody Knows: Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign of 1968. By Jeremy Larner, 189 pp., New York, The Macmillan Company, $4.95.

McCarthy for President, By Arthur Herzog, 309 pp., New York, The Viking Press, $6.95.

The Year of the People. By Eugene J. McCarthy, 323 pp., New York, Dougleday and Company, $6.95.

What we had all done during the campaign, according to Jeremy Larner's account in **Nobody Knows: Reflections on the McCarthy Campaign of 1968,** was to "live our desires as realities." It was a campaign that was brilliant at its conception, hopeful through its progress, and tragic in its failure. The campaign was failed by the candidate, whose sense of mission did not include success. Rather Senator McCarthy's mission was completed once he

had brought the issues to the country. He then settled back, having made his personal commitment, as if waiting for a celestial hand to pick his number from among the magic lottery.

When I originally read excerpts of Larner's book I was annoyed. What right had Jeremy Larner to criticize? He implied that much of the staff were mindless syncophants, while others were merely would-be political hacks. Few were spared either specifically or by inference, of Jeremy's lavish denouncements. But Jeremy had been as much a part of the game as anyone else. Now he had turned his back on his own past and pounced upon his cohorts with damning judgments from a newfound pinnacle of false self-esteem.

But Larner's portrayal of the campaign, brutal though it may be, is for more incisive, comprehensive and telling than either that of one-time fellow staff member, Arthur Herzog, or even that of the candidate himself. Larner did not concern himself with the details of what happened. Rather, he looked at **why** the whole campaign began, faded and failed. Most important he went both at and into the mysteries of the candidate himself, and although Larner himself admits that it might be above human capabilities to assess the enitre enigma of Senator McCarthy, but his attempt is both fascinating and quite successful. Jeremy Larner has aimed his work at those who once participated in the New Politics of 1968 and now wonder what went wrong. He has succeeded admirably in pulling it all together, and though he ruins a number of myths, he succeeds in bringing out what we all believed, but could never bring ourselves to admit. The candidate did fail the people. He was not a large enough man.

Larner joined the campaign circus in Wisconsin, and was generally considered to be a token "leftist" on the upper echelon staff. He was fortunate enough to occasionally gain the Senator's ear and he was certainly in an important policy making position — one of the few that really existed in the bureaucratic wasteland of the McCarthy campaign. He also enjoyed the trust of a great many staff members, some of whom thought he was one of the "true believers," while others thought he was a bastion of sanity in a world gone mad. Having ties with what was left of the "movement" and the "professionals," Jeremy Larner was in a unique position to observe not only the mechanics of the campaign itself but also the intricacies and mysteries of the candidate.

Fancy Front Man

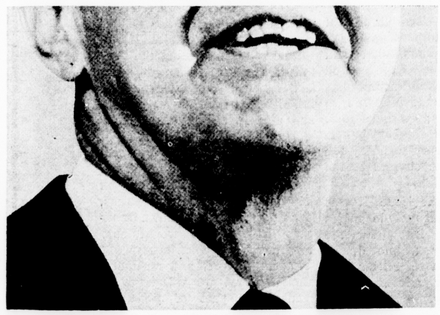
In contrast, Arthur Herzog was the embodiment of the abrasive New York liberal. Herzog liked to think, since he was nominally in charge of the McCarthy campaign in Oregon, that he was responsible for the victory there. This is highly questionable since the local organization in Oregon was superb before Arthur Herzog and probably would have flourished without the help of a fancy front man.

I ran into Arthur Herzog in Washington during "McCarthy Summer" when for a short time he was installed as one of a long line of press secretaries. My memories of his tenure as my "boss" are less than pleasant — Mr. Herzog felt obligated to keep us all busy and he tried very hard to do that by burying the press staff with incredible inanities— which drove everyone further up the wall. After the usual ritual of slyly threatened resignations, Arthur departed for parts unknown.

Mr. Herzog turned up in Chicago, no longer a staff member, now a free - lance journalist working on the book now reviewed. Perhaps what I remember best about Arthur Herzog is the ride back from the Amphitheater Wednesday night of the Convention — the night that Vice-President Humphrey had received the nomination of the "Democratic" party. As the staff car hurtled down the Dan Ryan expressway in beautiful Chicago ("my kind of town"), Arthur kept talking about all the great successes of New Politics in general and The Campaign in particular, and how this was only the beginning, etc. Well, I for one was in no mood for any kind of talk much less chatter of an optimistic nature. When we got back to the vicinity of the Hilton a very strange thing happened.

The car was stopped by the National Guard (or was it the police? — it doesn't matter) a couple of blocks from the hotel. We all got out and started walking. The whole area reminded me of what Prague must have looked like at the time of the Russian invasion. As far as one could see military vehicles were stretched down State Street. Cordoned off by awesome barbed-wire jeeps, the whole area rocked of tear gas, windows, were shattered all around, and the general scene was one of total despair and confusion ominously confronting an eerie and spooky Force. Amerika the beautiful? Czechago.

As we walked towards the hotel, the unreality of it all seemed crushing. Through it, Arthur Herzog kept talking, compulsively. My friend and I were grounded in shock by the time we reached the hotel. When we finally got to the Hilton lobby we found that the dual staircases were jammed with about 200 young McCarthy partisans. Arthur walked in first and we all got a tremendous ovation. I thought it bitterly iron.



was neither a full-time "true believer" nor a full-time journalist, he, has undeniably written a competent, though not brilliant, study of the campaign. His approach involves considerably more structural and "process" analysis than does Larner's. Herzog covers the specific events of the campaign in better detail and more comprehensively than either of the other books. His book is generally more unnderstandable to the "outsider" than is Larner's and more specific and realistic than Senator McCarthy's. Though Herzog did not have the same valuable "in" as Larner, it is obvious that he has done a very competent job of research. If one has use for a handbook of events or a useful overview of what went on, then turn to Herzog's book; if you want to know what it all means, read Larner's.

Year of the People?

If you want to laugh about it all and wonder how it ever happened in the first place, read Senator McCarthy's version of the events: **The Year Of The People.** The most surprising thing about Senator McCarthy's book is the overbearing tone of bitterness that permeates it. Senator McCarthy is on the defensive, and it is clear that he feels that the loss cannot be blamed on him as a candidate; rather America simply wasn't ready to change. Thus the title is highly ironic for the implication of the book is that though it may have been the "year of the people" those people were not quite ready for the kind of campaign that Senator McCarthy ran. The book is at best a defense and restatement of the Senator's actions and at worst a series of credits, plaudits, pundits and polemics. We see both the side of Senator McCarthy that brought the issues out to the American people and challenged them and the side that withdrew from the challenges created and failed.

"On McCarthy's desk is a book by Camus, open to an essay on 'The Responsibility of the Artist.' In times of stress, Camus writes, the artist must be careful not to debate his language — because it is all he's got. That passage is marked. But it makes no mention of politicians." (From Nobody Knows)

At its conception, the McCarthy campaign was most promising and most pure. Senator McCarthy considered his campaign to be more of a "test" than a serious drive for the Presidency. In this sense the campaign was over in a moral sense once it had begun. It was niether necessary nor desirable for Senator McCarthy to descend from his philosophic-poetic clouds to dirty his feet in the grime of the actual political world. He had responded bravely to the voice of the people and had at great risk brought out the issues. He hoped to "alleviate the sense of political helplessness and restore. . .a belief in the processes of American politics."

But Senator McCarthy, a man who had always believed in "the preservation of the republic through balanced, gradual change," was not prepared to lead a great popular movement. The Senator wanted to remain a kind of anti-hero throughout — aspiring for the great office while holding in contempt the process through which it is attained. His duty was merely to raise the issues, but when the possibility of success unexpectedly appeared, he could not comprehend that a more final victory might call for some sacrifice of his peculiar concept of "private sensibility" within an "exacting conscience."

McCarthy Mysticism?

Senator McCarthy was a man of many paradoxes. Some of these he deliberately created so as to mold an impregnable image of himself as above the understanding of other mortals. He was the prophet. The duty of the flock was to listen and obey and not to question the words of deity. He would often underscore this "mystical" nature by doing something markedly contradictory to the immediate interests of his cause — just to show the entourage that his "inner values were not what his critics presumed and were not to be questioned." Hence he resigned from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and voted against Ted Kennedy in the majority whip Senate contest.

Most staff members could never understand Senator McCarthy from one day to the next. But we were all at least in part "true believers" for I think everyone felt that the Senator had something intan-

Continued on page 7

To the Editor:

Last summer, in connection with Y. O. U., Judy Hazlett and I ran Recreation Programs in the Bristol and Granville areas. Our purpose was to familiarize ourselves with the needs of these communities in terms of summer activities for kids. The town of Middlebury has a Recreation Council which runs a summer program for the kids in the immediate areas, but the surrounding towns have nothing of this nature and few of the parents can afford to send their children to summer camp. In Bristol, we drew primarily from low income families. Many of you have little brothers and sisters from this area so perhaps you're familiar with the poverty and deprivation from which many of these families suffer. For some of the kids, going to Lake Dunmore was a big deal.

The point is we want to follow up our pilot project of last summer with a program of real merit this summer. Originally, we had hoped that Y. O. U. might integrate and take some of the kids we worked with, but Y. O. U. felt that the problems involved in integration were to great to tackle this summer. If this program for Vermont kids is to continue, we are going to need a lot of outside help, both financially and personnel-wise.

The need for this program is great and we both feel that it is time for Middlebury College to increase its commitments to the community in which it exists. If you are interested in working on this program, especially if you plan to stay in Middlebury this summer, please come to an organizational meeting that we're holding on Monday, March 30, at 7:30 p.m. in Proctor 221 or contact me by mail.

FRANCIE MARBURY

Sue Jones, Molly McKitterick, and Linda Headly as they appeared last weekend in the production of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milkwood," directed by William Sharp. Also in the cast were Bill Fregosi, Frank Moorman, Hardy Brewster, Eric Miller, and Steve Batchelder. Photo By Atwater

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

These are a few suggestions that might be helpful in planning further anti-war activity involving Middlebury residents. I think we are definitely establishing precedents in our relationship with the townspeople and some mistakes have already been made. First, these are kids representing the ideas behind the anti-war movement who are not sensitive to the antagonism they are creating among the adults in town. If the purpose of leafletting and canvassing is to explain the **thinking** of the protesters then they should **think** when they accost other individuals, and realize they may be violating other peoples' right to believe and do as they like. I found nothing but scorn and disgust among those who had been treated badly — and on the other hand polite interest or polite disinterest among those who were approached sympathetically.

It is wrong for people to think they are justified in being self-righteous in distributing literature — if they believe that strongly that their way is more important than concern for individuals, then they should become completely active and be willing to engage themselves fully.

But for a college student who is not earning a living, who has the leisure time to adopt moralistic positions, and has the financial and social security to insulate him from their real implications — for this student to **impose** his presence, his ideas, on people who are involved in the everyday problems and issues he is discussing, is irresponsible and dishonest.

If a college student is going to voice his opinion he should become politically active. If that sounds circular I just mean that the kids who disrupted classes at the high school or lacked tact at the supermarket were probably not even conscious of the results they were creating. If you are aware enough of the need for change in the whole American system and consciousness — and you want to create that change then you **know** you are invading privacy, treating individuals as

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Beginning this coming Sunday, March 29th, at 11:00 A.M., a Quaker meeting for worship will be held in the rear of No. 3 College Street. (the brick apartment building just beyond Sam's.) A group of Quaker students and faculty has set up this meeting and plans to continue it Sundays after vacation. Anyone interested is warmly invited to share in our service.

A brief description of The Society of Friends (the official name) would doubtless prove valuable in answering any questions of those interested. Quakers are held to no dogma, no creed, no sacraments, and no priests; they do share a concern for the God within every man, and the attunement to one's own divinity through silence. The meeting for worship is held in silence for each attender to seek the calm, and peace, and love that the inner light brings. During meetings participants sometimes speak to share a thought or feeling of ministry with the meeting.

From my own experience I can assert that the individual freedom of thought and emotion encourages formulation of individual values and creation of a personal faith to live by. Although this freedom would seem to lead to a group of isolated thinkers, it does not because the meeting generates a warmth of unity, and bond of mutual love that links the members, precisely because of their freedom. If you have any questions about the religion, the meeting, or our Middlebury worship group, please contact me at Box 990, Gifford 414, or 388-9317. Quakerism is virtually a do-it-yourself religion.

ERIC MILLER

Rapelye: Tennis Coach Large Freshman Turnout

The tennis team will assume a different attitude as it prepares for the start of this '70 season. The reason for he change is Peter Rabelais, Mr. Colman's most recent addition to the college's coaching staff.

Coach Rabelais teaches English at the Otter Valley H. S. in Brandon, and comes to Middlebury each afternoon to train the varsity. He played three years himself for Methodist College in North Carolina and has been in many tournaments in the South. He is a member of the U.S.L.T.A. and the New England Youth Tennis Association.

For the first few weeks of practice he plans to have the players go through a lot of conditioning. He believes that "in a close match conditioning is the thing that will determine the outcome," while desire to win and hustle are just as important. He mentioned that he liked to see an aggressive player, a hustler.

Coach Rabelais has been impressed by the students under him, and feels "they are a great bunch of guys." He also expressed gratitude to Mr. Colman for getting him orientated with the college.

So far he has had almost twenty players out for teams, freshman and varsity, which is a large increase from last year. He has had them methodically practice their strokes, getting everyone out on the courts in the field house at the same time.

Coach Rapelye

Hess's Experience An Aid Lacrosse Team Optimistic

By NAT AYER

Bill Hess must be presented in a different manner than tennis coach Peter Rapelye. I discovered this while I briefed several newspaper clippings written when he was announced as an assistant football coach and the head mentor of the lacrosse team here at Middlebury.

Last fall he coached the defense. Doug Arnot, a starting defensive end and "the best defensive lineman on the team" I've heard, commended Hess: "He knows his business. Not only can he teach it, but he's still able to demonstrate it himself on the field. But his main assett is that he can communicate with the athlete in other areas besides athletics. He's among the few that do that well."

"He's Amazing He Knows Everything."

Bill Hess was awarded the MVP of the Long Island League as he captained his Manhasset High School team in lacrosse, while **the** Jimmy Brown helped him support the football squad. Bill broke every single scoring record at Penn State on his way to become an All-American lacrosse forward. His sophomore year he scored 41 goals. His junior season saw him get 49, outbidding Jimmy Brown of Syracuse by 7.

Hess offered me this tidbit of satisfaction when he explained that his 49 goals were scored in the 9 games he played. And the official record reads that his most satisfying achievement was scoring one or more goals in every game during H. S. and college.

His junior year he was All-American. The following spring he was injured (as he had to give up football for the same reason earlier) but was voted an Honorary All-American, for excellence, sportsmanship, and contribution to the sport."

He graduated in '58 with a marketing degree. A job followed, and then a succession of coaching positions: Penn State 3 years, Johns Hopkins 1 year, Kenyon College, and then a degree in Physical Education in '61. The course then continued in athletics, when he coached at the U. S. Naval Academy for 3 years, and then Exeter for 2, and finally Middlebury.

"If you're throwing wrong he can tell you which finger to move an inch," continued Doug, now playing lacrosse.

Lacrosse has been his strongpoint, his exceptional flare as a coach, though he has also handled football, skiing, boxing and some phys. ed. This spring he's reordering a depleted '69 14-1 second place squad. He says he must convince his players of the necessity of defensive consciousness, and get them to adopt a different strategy.

For varying academic reasons Hess has been robbed of potential brilliant talent, and he finds himself needing a lot of all around athletes with at least fair stickhandling ability to make up the losses of outstanding team-mates. He says that he's beginning to see signs of improvement. "I'm not dissappointed with the personnel, we have just got to get in condition to carry through the changes." All in all, it would seem an honor to have Hess as lacrosse coach. His players are already fired for a good season. History would indicate excellent coaching on his part.

Environmental Action Group Debates Pollution, Population

By BART HALL

Individual and group responses to the ecological crisis were the emphasis of the Environmental Action Conference held here last weekend.

Dr. Howard E. Woodin and Dr. Ralph D. Nelson gave the opening addresses to approximately two hundred businessmen, students, housewives, legislators, teachers, and other activists who attended the sessions and tried to establish priorities for the Vermont-New Hampshire ecology movement.

The sessions were oriented around a seminar bullsession format, each moderated by a member of the Middlebury faculty. The water pollution seminar, moderated by Dr. David W. Folger, gave an excellent appraisal of the water quality problem, particularly with regards to rivers and oceans. The participants, however, did not respond along the lines of mention specific rivers and their problems, and it is here that the session ran into difficulty. Dr. Folger had hoped to use the session as a clearinghouse for ideas on specific watersheds, and had people asked for concrete suggestions regarding specific rivers, the session would have been much better.

The economics of pollution control, moderated by Klaus Wolff, dealt with the myriad and vast problems confronting a change, either from within or without the present economic system. Questions of tax structure, advertisement, and market pressure were raised in an attempt to find the best way to convince consumers and industry that it is not in their best interest, financially or otherwise, to pollute.

Should we put up a fence around Vermont was the fundamental issue of the session moderated by Dr. Malmstrom. It was pointed out that Vermont is the "New Suburbia," and that consequently a cooperation with the cities was needed in order to make urban areas attractive enough so that people do not flee to Vermont.

Among suggestions for controlling development in the state were: organizing people to cut down on power use; a moratorium on the building of new roads; a restriction of "Vacation Homes;" banning nuclear power; a graduated utility rate under which the unit cost is raised with increased consumption; a graduated auto registration fee to discourage second cars; tax reform designed to lower the purchasing power of the rich; and capitalising on the state's tradition of doing things together for the common good.

The individual's response to the ecological crisis, moderated by Dean Bruce Peterson and his wife, became more a forum for polemics of a political and philosophical nature than an exchange of practical ideas and tips as to how to treat the environment. Some concrete suggestions were made: turning off lights when not in use; mowing grass with a hand mower, refraining from using unnecessary conveniences such as dishwashers and electric can openers; and using both sides of writing paper.

The point was emphasized by a prominent NO SMOKING sign and by Rick Dodge of the Woodstock - based ECOLOGY ACTION who turned off most of the lights in the auditorium.

The population aspect of ecology, by means of a talk by Dr. Van Vleck, instigated a lengthy and heated discussion about the interrelationships of the military, racism, politics, and the middle and upper classes to the ecology problem.

Two lines of thinking were espoused, and the group tended to polarize around them. One was that the entire American system had to be attacked on all fronts from he philosophical angle: "Recycle your garbage and send back your draft card." The need to buy time for the philosophers was the other major point. Unfortunately, both sides began to get a bit too emotional, and the discussion lost as continnuity. It is highly beneficial, though, to realize what the movement is up against from within in addition to the usually considered problems.

We wonder, then, how can we work together; by ourselves. One of the things we hope to do together is to attempt to stop the Vernon nuclear power plant. On April 17 we will attempt to stop, for twenty-four hours, construction of the plant, by sitting in. We plan a massive, semi-coordinated, statewide education program in environmental awareness. As individuals we agreed to a greater or lesser extent, to think before we act; to question whether we really have to drive that half mile; wheher that light is necessary; whether we as individuals will be willing to make the personal sacrifices which are so desperately needed.

The film "Loves of a Blonde" will be shown here at Middlebury next Sunday, March 29. There will be two evening showings in Dana Auditorium at 7 and 9:30 p. m. Admission 75 cents.

The Economics Of Ecology: Cost Of A Liveable Habitat

By KLAUS WOLFF
Prof. of Econnomics

An estimated fifty or so people ranging in age from sixteen to sixty assembled on the third floor of the Science Center to discuss the Economics of Pollution (control). After the economist had explained how his fraternity conceptualizes the issue, a few people bounced the ball of discussion while the others seemed to listen attentively.

Economists treat the issue as one of "externalities", "neighborhood effects" or, perhaps, "fall-out" to use a sinister modern term. The example of soot from the factory smokestack which imposes additional and unwanted laundry expenses on the housewives downwind has lived a long and quiet life in economics tests; quiet because few people took these neighborhood effects" very seriously until they became obvious to the naked lung.

To sharpen the issue, it was emphasized that people might conceivably, at least, for the sake of a tidy argument, be willing to trade clean air and clean water for polluted air and dirty water if adequately compensated for their inconvenience. This drew attention to the very practical and acute difficulty of how to calculate how large such compensation might have to be. In the course of the discussion it became clear that the central issue was to find ways and means to compel producer and consumer to shoulder and pay full comprehensive cost of production and consumption. In other words, the issue is how to stop producer and consumer from palming off part of the cost — loosely speaking the cost of cleaning up after ones activities — on the neighborhood, the environment.

Discussing the nature of "costs" and prices, the group appreciated the inherent difficulties of establishing "prices" for communely "consumed" amenities such as clean air, clean water, and unspoiled city and countryside, and conversely, the difficulty of compelling the "internalizing" of the costs of **keeping** the air etc. clean. Pollution fees, penalties, taxes, and subsidies were discussed and appraised.

This account of the proceedings glosses over some of the heat and much of the confusion of the discussion. Nonetheless, with the realization that a habitable environment would cost something now when everything else costs more, and an understanding that we will have to trade some part of **privately** produced and consumed goods and comforts for the **common** amenities of a tolerable, if not necessarily a delightful environment, the assembly dispersed to attend to matters less abstruse than economics.

Letter...

(Continued from Page 5)

parts of a larger whole — breaking laws — because you feel they must be broken — but, in that case, you will also be aware of the costs involved and be ready to lose your own privacy, rights and freedom, etc.

I don't think the students here were that committed, and because of that they were not acting politically. They were not actually representing the anti-war ideas, but simply expressing personal feelings. They

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McCarthy...

(Continued from page 5)

gible — some fundamental understanding that was above our comprehension — that explained everything.

Perhaps the greatest irony of the campaign was that the man millions looked to for a solution could not come to grips with even himself. The German sociologist Max Weber called for the ideal politician to rationalize all means-ends dilemmas from a position of absolute clarity. Senator McCarthy perhaps saw his campaign as an end in itself. Blinded by his self-delusions and artificial complexities, he lost sight of what were merely unfortunate but unavoidable parts of the process, and instead found a more temporal solution in abstinance from rigorous implementation of ideas, hoping all along that when the final battle was begun his righteousness would be discovered and welcomed by all. This was not the case.

Senator McCarthy interpreted his candidate's role as a passive one, and perhaps this is why he so accutely disliked the dynamism of the Kennedy campaign. Kennedy challenged him not on the basis of issues, but upon personalities. McCarthy might have felt that his own crusade was above such secular reproach, and his response to Kennedy was bitterness and often petty anger, perhaps born of frustration. After the death of Senator Kennedy, McCarthy could not bring himself to make a broad appeal to the Kennedy supporters, not only because he felt that making a special interest political appeal was "against the faith" but perhaps because he felt that he had been proven right in a higher sphere — that it was the duty of the Kennedy people to come to him, rather than he go out to them.

Senator McCarthy's own interpretation of events, when viewed through Jeremy Larner's conception of the man, clearly points out the difficulties that surround any attempt to explain the phenomenon of 1968 — a year that began radiant with promise and ended with the election of the antithesis of New Politics — Nixon and Agnew.

Letters . . .

Continued from page 6

somehow are free to disrupt people's lives without giving up any of their privileged position — like small children whose parents protect them.

We don't need any more children in this country which is becoming so corrupted with excess and so removed from the human life cycle that minds and bodies have to be glutted with opiates — and somehow people are confused enough to think that they can drug them-

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When you said we had to do an essay on "Spring" in 500 words, my reaction was dismay but I want for a walk with my girl (Alice) who always has good ideas and we walked down to Main St. and went into stores because it was a nice day.

In The Vermont Book Shop we started to talk to Mr. Blair, who is the Genial Prop. because he usually has nothing else to do but talk. He said he was not too happy about Spring because the screen door has to be put on and all wint erit has been on two sawhorses in the cellar for him to take his morning and P.M. naps on which is pretty comfortable except it leaves little tiny marks like a waffel iron on his shirt which stays on and on because it is a permanent press shirt and he was telling Alice (my girl) who likes classical music about some of the Columbia albums which are big Bargains because they give three records for the price of two, like the Budapest String Quartet's recordings of the Six Quintets by Mozart which I wrote down to use in this essay on Spring because I don't see how a quartet can play a quintet without somehow cheating or adding a ringer but Alice (my girl) says "It's Beautiful" and shakes her long hair which gleams like gold in the light and Mr. Blair tells her what a good selection of Columbia records he has now, and shows her one called "Mikrophonie I and II" (Sir — I copied this right off the record and it was spelled like that right on it so don't put any red marks like you usually do but you can blame some bad speller at Columbia Co.) by Stockhausen but Alice said that's too far out on a day like this and how about something nice like Bach Partitas (spelling off record again but I think this is right) by Glenn Gould.

So she bought this but Mr. Blair tried to sell her one called "The New Stravinsky" with the Gregg Smith Singers and Richard Frisch conducted by Stravinsky and Robt. Craft and she said it was too far out but she did buy a record of "classical" music by Moondog which I thought was pretty far out.

Mr. Blair said the records on Odyssey are very good performances and very cheap in price and wanted Alice to buy another Budapest String Quartet record on Odyssey this time playing Beethoven Quartets which they probably can do and Alice said she had bought too much for the day, but her mother's birthday is next week, so The Vt. Book Shop will gift-wrap the album and mail it to her mother and it will look like a real expensive gift and please her mother.

And that is how I spent a Spring day.

Letters...

Continued from page 7

selves, live in a surplus overfat world and still be helping end a war by spending a weekend at a mass youth culture rally. Russell Baker (I think) called this generation the New Puritans — a self-righteous group of "moral people" imposing judgments on everyone else. And yet the Resistance in France, the NLF and every other group **knew** that they were right and also that thought never became of topic of discussion (in the midst of hashish parties and good music) — nor did they go home (to their stereo record players and three meals a day) when the weekend was over.

If people don't realize they are involved in something serious — something which is all about other people's lives in Vietnam they are not going to behave seriously and be sensitive to other people's lives in Middlebury.

I don't really know if my logic is sound — it is not quite as simple as all this. But it is so important, I think, for people here to realize that the **town** of Middlebury is **not** a world of make-believe the way the college is — people there are not cartoon characters and will not allow themselves to be treated as stereotypes. They deserve more respect than some of the "protesters."

I hope that some communication has come out of the leafletting, and that there will still be a chance for future community involvement.

Barbara Sullivan

Detergents

Continued from page 3

ion of algae. When the algae die and rot, they use up all the oxygen in a lake, making it unfit for any life at all."

He went on to say that the problem in Lake Champlain is in the incipient stages and can hopefully averted. Since the phosphates go untreated, directly into Otter Creek, and thence to Lake Champlain, ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY has sought to stop them at their local source.

Hall said, "We're now working at bringing more pressure to bear on the local store managers thru an extensive leafleting campaign in cooperation with the high school students. If the housewives stop dumping these phosphates into the lake, then a major effort in the ecology movement will have been accomplished."

Students desiring further explanation of the phosphate problem and an extensive listing of the phosphate values of detergents, should send a request to ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY, Box 929 College, or see one of the members of the group.

Students to Study Curriculum

A group of students concerned about the meaning of the Middlebury education have decided that the answer lies in a complete re-evaluation of the Middlebury college society. According to Cunny Wesson, organizer of the "Student Investigating Committee," "something is basically wrong," with present efforts at fulfilling the College's definition of liberal arts: "to enlarge the intellect and interests and bring an awareness of the concerns and problems of the rest of the community." (From the **College Catalogue**).

Wesson feels the school should halt everything for a week to examine Middlebury as a whole, educationally, environmentally, financially; as a sub-society. In his words, "we must come to grips with our sub-society before we come to grips with society in general."

Hopefully, a complete break from previous educational policies would result, a change in the inner structure of the Middlebury system that would bring education and the decisions about it down to the individual level.

The major obstacle in the way of a total re-evaluation, Wesson feels, is the exclusiveness and entrenchment of most faculty in old methods of education. "They are not really looking for new methods. . .they tear up new proposals," he stated. The sense of exclusiveness of a faculty that works from the top down, he added, should be changed to allow a more representative selection of ideas. One of the Committee's objects is to inform the faculty of student opinion on Middlebury education, for, as Wesson said, "Faculty support is necessary for a change."

The Sadie Hawkins Dance, is Saturday, the 28th, in Social and Dining Unit B. Dancing will begin at 8:30 to "ORT," a band from Connecticut, and will run until a half hour past midnight. $1 per person.

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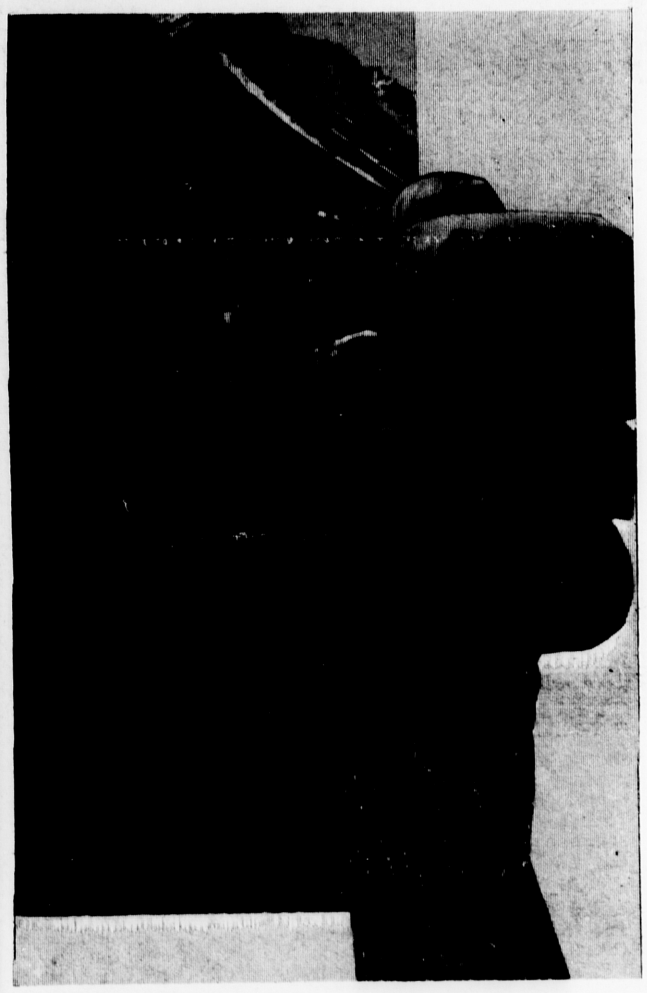

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